

Sad To Work

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Forty minutes ago I was screamin' into a pillow, like a psycho
'Cause you just decided to walk out of my life, I would've made
a good wife
Said I was fine, but I was lyin' 'cause I don't have the time t
o
Do all the cryin' I'm gonna have to do
And now I'm sittin' in the parking lot of this shitty ass resta
urant
'Cause I can't lose my job today too

And you can't call in sad to work
So I gotta be nice to people knowing you're with her
For eight straight hours
Smilin' and noddin' and sayin' "Yes Sir"
Yeah the breakup hurts
But do you know what's worse?
You can't call in sad to work

I woulda called my mom, she woulda said "Come home", and I woul
d've
My friends would pour me tequila, sayin' "Cheers to your freedo
m, you don't need him"
I would text the guy I broke up before ya
He made me feel the way I used to feel before ya
But it's Monday morning and I'm still in mournin'
And I feel like I'd rather die, tell me why

You can't call in sad to work
So I gotta be nice to people knowing you're with her
For eight straight hours
Smilin' and noddin' and sayin' "Yes Sir"
Yeah the breakup hurts
But do you know what's worse?
You can't call in sad to work

So when you're askin' your waitress why you're still waitin' on
fries
Be nice

'Cause she can't call in sad to work
She's gotta be nice to people while her ex is a jerk
For eight straight hours
Smilin' and noddin' and sayin' "Yes Sir"
Yeah the breakup hurts
But do you know what's worse?
You can't call in sad
No you can't call in sad
You can't call in sad to work